

Jashin ni Tensei Shitara Haika no Maou-gun ga Sassoku Metsubou  
Shisou Nandaga, Dousureba Indaroka?

I was reincarnated as an evil god and my subordinate's demon army is  
on the brink of annihilation, what should I do?

(Jashin Tensei)



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Type: Web Novel

### Synopsis:

After going to the great beyond, Hirano Bonta was reincarnated as an Evil God. Descending upon the Demon Lands, he came across his follower, the 108th Demon Lord, the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake. A fortuitous omen...thought Drake, who had suffered a great defeat in battle, leaving him with only 200 underlings. On top of that, pursuers were hot on his tail; he was between a rock and a hard place. But the genius strategist Drake was not ready to give up just yet. Despite the crisis, he still held the ambition of unifying his nation once again. The history-geek Hirano was super excited and was determined to support Drake as an Evil God, but as a newbie Evil God there was little he could do...just how will they get through this together?!

Genre : [Reincarnation][Fantasy][Comedy]

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[https://docs.google.com/document/d/10\\_3RfB9ZSNhNrlsF1YB53NJqjQ1pli=1](https://docs.google.com/document/d/10_3RfB9ZSNhNrlsF1YB53NJqjQ1pli=1)

Wikia :

[http://transmigrationtotheevilgod.wikia.com/wiki/Transmigration\\_To\\_Th](http://transmigrationtotheevilgod.wikia.com/wiki/Transmigration_To_Th)

## 1、牡蠣とあの世と邪神転生 (A面)

### 1, Oysters, the Great Beyond, and Reincarnating as an Evil God (A-side)

There is a food out there known as Oysters.

Called the 'Milk of the Sea', they are rich in flavor and incredibly savory; boiled, baked, or fried, all varieties are delicious.

But no matter what anyone else says, the best way to eat them is 'raw'.

Many people in this world mistakenly believe that 'raw prepared' oysters are fresher than oysters 'for cooking only'. In order to get rid of the poison inside the oyster, you have to let it sit for a period of time. The sterilized 'raw prepared' or the unprepared 'for cooking only', it's a no-brainer which one is more delicious. Note: No, you're not reading the wrong novel, keep going. -Frost

If you find that explanation believable, obviously there will be people who eat the raw 'for cooking only' kind. Since it's dangerous to eat raw oysters, they specifically mark those 'for cooking only' lest someone eat that kind raw.

Of course, I got that one. Worst case scenario, you'll die.

Such morons are rare, but such a rare breed exists.

What I mean is, I was such a moron.

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"Hey you, at this rate you're gonna go to hell."

An older lady in front of me pointed out in a gooey voice.

This is 'the great beyond'.

More accurately, this is the 'gate to the great beyond', the empty unchanging world of the afterlife.

There's no river Styx or anything really, just clouds piercing the sky in front of a giant closed door and the lineup of offices and small town surrounding it. It was quite the insipid place, but if this is the great beyond, then it's the great beyond.

And what was I doing in front of this entrance to the great beyond? Going through the formal proceedings of moving in.

".....Please, can't you do something about that?"

"Just how many more times do you want me to explain it, Hirano Bontasan? Even if you stand on your head you won't get into Heaven."

While we were talking, she kept slapping the A4-sized piece of paper that held my personal record.

I was surprised they had a record of every single good and bad deed I'd done during my life.

"Sin: Exploding an innocent frog with firecrackers. Sin: Toying with someone's feelings just because you didn't like how they look. Sin: Ordering the mackerel from a Japanese restaurant fish tank and never eating it."

She kept listing off one shameful act after another.

I was in a government office talking to the old lady in a consultation corner partitioned into sections, likely to keep matters confidential.

It was very embarrassing.

"Have you given any thought towards reincarnation?"

"Well, I'm already dead now so..."

Honestly, my 24 years of life wasn't all that fun.

My only regret is not getting to know what happened next in the weekly manga I was reading. Other than that, I was just grumbling about wanting to get into Heaven, but it looks like that's not happening.

"Let's say I did go with the reincarnation thing, where would it be? If possible, I'd like it to be somewhere in Japan..."

"Japan, is it..."

"Yes. There's a manga I want to keep reading. Being the son of a company president would also be nice..."

"Is that so, with this assessment, going to Japan you would be...a Yanbaru whiskered bat, Odaigahara salamander, or Japanese long-horned caddisfly."

"Uuum, what was that?"

"Like I said, a Yanbaru whiskered bat, Odaigahara salamander, or Japanese long-horned caddisfly."

"Human isn't an option?"

"The Yanbaru whiskered bat is a mammal at least?"

My desire was way off the mark. This is worse than bad.

My possible reincarnations are animals on the endangered species list, all of them were terrible choices.

I thought reincarnation was supposed to be awesome, a way to graduate from being a lifelong virgin.

"Um, if I don't limit it to Japan, what are my other options?"

"If it doesn't have to be Japan, would you mind something not from your Earth?"

"Eh? You mean there's places other than Earth?"

What was this old lady talking about, is what I was thinking when it dawned on me. If there were creatures from places other than Earth, then their souls must also come here. I see, I feel a little smarter figuring that out.

"Other Earths, other dimensions, other worlds, anything would be fine. As long it would improve my current situation."

"Well then, if you're willing to go that far...I know just the thing."

"Just the thing?"

"Yes, a spot has opened up on another world's Evil God roster."

## 2、魔王と祈りと見習い邪神（B面／A面）

2, The Demon Lord, the Prayer, and the Newbie Evil God (B-side / A-side)

The wind was blowing.

The <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake gazed upon the land of his imprisonment.

He had long black hair and eyes red as blood. He also sported a single pearlescent horn.

The 108th Demon Lord of the Demon Realm.

Excelling in both tactics and strategy, he still couldn't believe he'd been banished to this land in the middle of nowhere.

The outlands.

Truly, this was out in the boonies.

Covered in dense forests, there were steep cliffs just like on uninhabited islands.

The beasts are ferocious, and traces of civilization are scant.

(...to a place like this...)

He had been banished to a place like this.

Just for losing a battle.

They were defeated by Xirdish <The Northern Overlord> and his army who had gained power over the last few years. It was only one loss, but Drake lost everything because of that.

He fully came to understand he did not possess any luck.

The luck he needed was the divine blessing of the Evil God.

Drake had never once believed in the Evil God.

He had always held contempt for those weaklings who clung to the Evil God.

All that led to where he was now.

(I suppose I've now become one of those weaklings...) Thinking about it like that, he was filled with the urge to laugh, scorning his own self.

(I wonder, what would my ideal Evil God be like?)

His ideal Evil God.

Not a God to cling to, just a God to answer a prayer.

He doesn't have to be strong, just someone to be by Drake's side.

It would be great if the God turned out as he imagined.

Drake closed his eyes.

He did not know how to offer a prayer to an Evil God.

He simply winged it the best he could.

(O' Evil God, O' Wicked Deity, My Evil God. I pray for you to be by my side.....)

At that moment, there was a loud explosion behind Drake.

When Drake looked back, there was...

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"Ah, that hurt like a mother-..."



I suddenly crash-landed marvelously on my ass.

This reincarnation thing is pretty violent. My memories and appearance also remain intact.

As a God, I could now make small miracles and...I have a massive debt.

I was fine being an Evil God and all, but I didn't have enough good deeds to 'afford' a reincarnation, so I had to take out a loan.

In order live the easy life in Heaven for the rest of my days, I first have to gather some followers, pay off my loan, and accumulate enough good deeds to earn my place in heaven on top of that.

That total amounted to a whopping 560,000,000 karma. An average Japanese person accumulates about 270,000,00 of good karma in their lifetime, so I have to double that amount.

As for how to effectively gain that much karma, I didn't get a chance to learn.

Anyway, as long as I can gather some believers, I'm sure it'll all work itself out. My intuition tells me so.

Not to brag, but I'm the guy who plays RPGs and simulations without reading the manual. Of course, this isn't a world where I can just read a manual if I hit a dead end, but it'd be nice if I could ask an older Evil God for some tips.

Suddenly after reincarnating, a bunch of messages popped up in my head like, [To use miracle ○○ will consume 200 karma], or [To effectively accumulate a lot of karma, you must defeat the Lesser Dragon in Yoedre Swamp in the outlands], and [Gods have ranks; you will be starting from Bronze rank].

In order to enjoy my Evil God life, my main goal is to gather up a bunch of karma.

What, since I'm an Evil "God", I'm sure it'll all work out somehow.

I was still sitting on my butt pondering all that, when a terribly handsome guy looked at me and our eyes met.

TL Note: And now for the BL times right? Right?? *u* -Solistia-Plz no - Frost-Solistia and her BL - Creed

".....My good sir, are you our venerable Evil God?"



".....My good sir, are you our venerable Evil God?"

Drake was ashamed of himself as soon as he finished speaking.

There's no way an Evil God would just appear like that. Perhaps he was a demon that lived nearby.

He didn't look like he had any battle experience as he wasn't the least bit nervous.

It's not impossible for an Evil God to manifest in this world.

The first Great Demon Lord was bestowed a royal sceptre by an Evil God, and it's said that there's a lake in a great forest where the Evil God goes to relax.

Be that as it may, the Evil God in the legends had a hard and muscular body.

Certainly, there was no way this weak-looking guy was an Evil God.

(Still, now that I think about it, my ideal Evil God didn't need to be strong...) Even so, there was still no way this guy was an Evil God.

"Ah, yes. Nice to meet you, I'm the Evil God."

### 3、森と巨大化と魔王軍(A面／B面)

3, The Forest, a Huge Undertaking, and the Demon Army (A-side / B-side)

"Ah, yes. Nice to meet you, I'm the Evil God."

After I said it I immediately wanted to take it back.

An Evil God should sound a bit more vicious.

But what can I say..."I'm gonna eat your guts!" is a little too aggressive feeling, but I feel like it's necessary.

First impressions are vital, and it'd be better to act like a fierce Evil God people can rely on rather than some 'friendly' Evil God.

So I decide to rephrase myself.

"Ahem. Indubitably, it is I, the Evil God."

When I said that, the handsome black-haired man in front of me took to his knee, not caring about dirtying his clothes on the ground, and bowed deeply to me. From two meters away, the pretty boy sized me up, and without batting an eye said,

"Forgive my grievous error in not recognizing you at once. I know naught of any Evil Gods, but allow me to offer my most humble apologies for my slight. I am Drake, son of Lione, the Demon Lord of this newly claimed, but remote land. I am known as the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake. It is my honor to make your acquaintance."

Woah woah, the Demon Lord? I was totally right to do my introduction over.

I can't have the Demon Lord of all people not taking me seriously. Since he's kneeling before me, I suppose I said the right thing.

But in a situation like this, what should I do next?

Maybe a line from one of those old Period Dramas?

"Indeed, now raise your head."

"As you wish."

"...By the way I have a request, where are we?"

"Are you referring to these lands? This place is on the western outskirts of the Demon Lands, a savage place called <The Red Forest of Jonan>, O' exalted one. Does Evil God-sama not rule over this region?"

That handsome Drake guy stared at me curiously.

Is that so?

I don't know about any other Evil Gods, but do they normally appear in places they rule over?

I guess it's like in a sales business where reps oversee certain regions. Evil Gods must do the same.

"Actually, I just now became an Evil God."

"I see, just now you say. That explains your appearance. The Evil Gods are normally Demons like myself."

"My appearance?"

"Indeed, you are quite...diminutive for an Evil God. This is my first time being in the glorious presence of an Evil God, but according to the

legends, all the Evil Gods were quite gigantic."

Man, that sucks.

I even asked the old lady in the great beyond 'Are you sure I don't need to be huge or something?'

Like plain pasta, I got a 'Plain Reincarnation'. It came with language comprehension, but things like 'being a giant' or having 'clothes made of darkness' cost karma and were sold separately.

Being a giant cost about 4,000,000 karma, but I wanted to pay my debt back as quickly as possible so I opted-out. I may have been a little too hasty. Thinking about it now, my debt was already over five-hundred million, a measly little four million added on would have been nothing.

Back in my life as Hirano Bonta, I used to hang out with my Dad who owned a print shop. He had debt numbering in the hundreds of millions of yen and still had an active night life. I guess my money sense only goes this far.

"Truly it is so. I must gather followers to believe in me, and swiftly increase their numbers."

"As you wish, O' exalted one."



Although he was an Evil God, he was apparently only a novice one.

Drake understood this after exchanging words with the hornless Evil God.

As he said, he had only just become an Evil God.

(So that's how it is. Perhaps it is fate that 'just now' I began to pray to an Evil God.)

A newly made God.

This was an auspicious omen for Drake.

Without anything to show for it, he was just an Evil God. Drake also desired that. Believing, praying, not clinging to. He could have that kind of relationship with this Evil God.



This Drake guy seems pretty loyal, so I'm a bit relieved.

As an 'Evil God' appearing before a 'Demon Lord', I had wondered what I'd do if a scary guy was my first believer, but this Drake fellow seems like a good guy. We even had a proper conversation.

So this place is supposed to be the Demon Lands that Drake mentioned.

Since it's out in the sticks, the Demons must've lived a pretty rustic life. At least, that's what I infer.

I have no idea how I'm supposed to collect karma, but according to my gamer sense, just gathering followers should be all right for now.

Drake already controls this backwater country, so I should be able to gather followers without hardly lifting a finger. A wonderful plan if I do say so myself.

"I have one more inquiry for you, Drake."

"How may I be of service to you, Evil God-sama?"

"How many soldiers do you have under your command?"

No matter what anyone else says, he is the Demon Lord. He should

have at least one or two thousand. Ten thousand would be really nice.

Famous Idol groups have upwards of a hundred thousand fans, so it wouldn't be strange at all if the Demon Lord had that many demons at his command.

"Let me see, right now I think they number about 200."

"200...?!"

"Yes. I, Drake, lead the Demon Army, though we are only 200 strong."

I felt something shake and crumble inside of me.



#### 4、魔王と覇王と天下統一（A面／B面）

4, The Demon Lord, the Overlord, and World Domination (A-side / B-side)

200, only 200.

The size of the Demon Army, as told to me by Drake, was disappointing to say the least.

Even though they were the Demon Army, just 200.

My class in high school had 40 students, this was only five times that.

With only that many you could remember everyone by face and name. Makes me wonder how Yoshinaga-san is doing.

He had a cool moniker of <Dethroned Crown Prince> so I thought he'd have a lot more troops at his disposal.

I thought I'd come upon something like the Romance of the Three Kingdoms or the Ambition of Nobunaga, but a force of only 200 can't do anything.

Even the Battle of Thermopylae had 300 spartan soldiers.

What on earth can you do with just 200 soldiers?

"Pardon me...Evil God-sama, is there something troubling you?"



"Wha? Ah, I was just thinking that my believer's army was lacking in numbers."

Drake discreetly clenched his teeth.

It was the truth. Lacking in numbers. Most of the elite forces were lost in the battle with <The Northern Overlord>, all that were left were the dregs of a defeated army. If it wasn't for that, the strategic and tactical genius Drake would never have deigned to pray to an Evil God.

"Yes, Evil God-sama. We were just involved in a great battle. My army was defeated, and our numbers drastically decreased. Being here in the outlands is the direct result of that defeat."

"I understand. Incidentally, how large was the opposing army?"

"Approximately, 240,000."

"Two-hundred...forty thousand?"

"Against my united coalition of 190,000."

That's right, against 190,000. Drake's assembled army may have been 50,000 less than his opponent, but they held the home field advantage.

If luck had been on his side, they would not have lost that war.

"And now, you're down to 200?"

"That is correct."

"...That's harsh."

"Yes."

Just what exactly was 'harsh'?

An Evil God should just sit back and be worshiped. War was for Demons. If he would just bless them with luck there would be nothing to complain about. He's only a fledgling Evil God, so no one would really expect anything from him.

"I see."

"Evil God-sama has nothing to worry about. Despite how it may appear, I am well-versed in military strategy. I am perfectly capable of handling this. We may only be 200 strong now, but I shall eventually increase that number tenfold."

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"Tenfold?"

"Yes, if we have tenfold, or 2,000, we can maintain our current freedom."

2,000, eh? 2,000 then.

The enemy has 240,000 soldiers, so 2,000 seems a little low. Is there nothing that can be done about that?

Even when Liu Bei was at the end of his rope, he was still able to gather more forces.

But still, I don't even know what level of civilization this world has yet.

If they're able to mobilize a force of 200,000, then if we're talking China, it'd be like Cao Cao's army at the Red Cliffs during the Three Kingdoms era. If we're talking Japan, even both sides combined at the Battle of Sekigahara comes up a little short at only 165,000. I'm not too familiar with European history though. In any case, if they're able to mobilize that many people, then they must also have at least enough food production to feed all the soldiers and their families.

We really needed to get some intel on them.

And there was just one thing bothering me.

"Do you find something amiss?"

"Ah, if we have those 2,000 at our backs, then I was thinking..."

"Thinking what?"

".....That we might be able to take over the world."



"T-take over the world?"

"Indeed, the world."

It's no wonder Drake was stunned.

It was an ambition he'd kept to himself.

They'd only just met, and already this Evil God had seen right through him?

If the troops were increased to 2,000, they could take over the neighboring Demon territories.

If they didn't use a surprise attack, they might be able to open up negotiations. In one fell swoop they could take the entire Southern region, then begin preparations to deal with the detestable <Northern Overlord>.

".....Please forgive my oversight. It is true, I am aiming to take the world for my own."

"Then all is well. Ye Demon Lord has lofty aims, yes?"

"It is indeed true."

As Drake prostrated himself before the Evil God, he heard the diety say,

"This has become quite interesting."

## 5、邪神とカルマと神界訪問(A面)

### 5, Evil God, Karma, and a Celestial Visit (A-side)

I break off from Drake's group and enjoy a stroll in the sky above the forest in the Demon Lands.

Just because I'm his Evil God doesn't mean we have to be together 24/7. Our relationship might sour if we were. But more than anything, this stroll in the sky is more fun than I could have imagined!

Still, world domination...

Like the Romance of the Three Kingdoms and the Ambition of Nobunaga, I'd really like to see someone conquer the world just once.

It's every boy's fantasy.

That Demon Lord Drake seems like an ambitious guy, so I can tag along and get a front row seat to the real thing. It's amazing.

At first, I thought I'd have a hard time making progress reincarnating as an Evil God, but it's going surprisingly well.

While I was thinking about all that, I found what I was looking for.

In the sky, there was a door.

A door to the Celestial Realm. It wasn't actually a door to any specific place, but a 'Door to Anywhere'.

It's apparently designed to not be visible to normal living things.

Before connecting I think, 'This world's Celestial Realm'. This is a key point to make sure I don't open the door to the Great Beyond.

It was one of the very few pieces of information the Old Lady in the Great Beyond told me before I reincarnated.

When it comes to being an Evil God, you can't get clothes or food unless they're given as offerings. When offerings are given, there needs to be a place for them to go, therefore you need to visit the Celestial Realm periodically. Of course, there are also Gods who live self-sufficiently and rarely leave the Celestial Realm.

Anyway, I can't just keep running around in the UNIQLO sweater and jeans I died in, so I need to check my other options.

"Now then, hello there?"

When I opened the door, there was the Celestial Realm.

It's hard to call it by its other name, the Divine Domain.

There's a building like the Grand Shrine in Ise, and next to it is a Parthenon-like temple, and an impressive San Pietro church structure

beside a Mayan Pyramid of the Sun. A Taoist temple built in the midst of a Buddhist monastery...and there's a bunch of other buildings from other places I'm not familiar with.

Surrounding the huge sacred area is a shopping district with side streets and overhangs all lined up together. Anyway, it's a huge disorderly mess.

There's a big clamour going on. Seeing a stranger wandering around is quite a spectacle for the Gods.

"Pardon me, is this your first time in the Divine Domain?"

While I was spaced out staring at the scenery, a semi-transparent ghost-like figure called out to me.

"Ah, yes. I was just reincarnated today."

"I see, I see. I thought that might be the case myself. You looked like a new God after all. Welcome to the Divine Domain. We're happy to have you here."

"Ah, thank you so much..."

The semi-transparent guy was the gatekeeper, and informed me that all new Gods need to be registered at the public office, so I head there to get it over with. I'd feel stupid carrying a bunch of store-bought goods with me to public office, so I'll save that for later.



But anyway, I wonder why the gatekeeper was semi-transparent?

Even though I was just reincarnated, I still had a proper body.

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"That's because he's a God with no believers."

Asking the lady behind the reception desk at the office shed some light on the subject.

If a God doesn't have any believers, and you use up all the karma you have left, you end up like that.

With the dead silence that followed, it was obvious there were no Gods besides me here.

There hadn't been a trend of new Gods here lately.

If this world was a bit younger, it might have been different.

"Has it always been like that?"

"Always. And it will be so until this world ends...which the gatekeeper says will come in about 5.6 billion years."

"That's a little..."

That's a long-ass time.

For the gatekeeper with a forced smile to have to keep at this for 5.6 billion more years, this was probably worse than hell.

"Other than the gatekeeper, the Mushroom God shares a similar fate living quietly in his designated forest. His so-called kindred are the same."

"Kindred. In that case, what do they do about Karma?"

"They work on behalf of a kindred God and earn a wage. The Forest God has kindred he entrusts to manage his affairs."

"Ooh.....sounds pretty rough."

"They have those they can rely on, but you are still a new God with only a single believer, so be careful."

"Ah."

She's right.

The only believer I have is Drake.

And he only has a mere 200 soldiers.

He's the Demon Lord so he must be strong, but I can't help feeling a little anxious.

I just lit the flame of world domination a little bit ago, but if it fails it'll be horrendous.

"Um, Hirano Bonta-san, I've finished processing your registration. You'll start from 'Lower Junior First Rank'."

"'Lower Junior First Rank'?"

"Yes, it is your God rank."

Ah, as I thought.

I had guessed that even Gods might have some kind of ranking system.

It's incredibly annoying.

You climb your way up a step at a time, collecting new titles and whatnot...is probably what they mean by that.

"Now for the explanation of ranks..."

"Ah, no thanks. Not interested."

"Eh, are you certain?"

"Yeah, if I run into something I don't understand, I'll come back."

"O-okay..."

The lady was clearly surprised.

Having to listen to an explanation I have zero interest in would be a pain, so I saved us both the hassle.

What I really wanna know is where to get some clothes so I can get back to Drake as quick as possible.

"Rather than that..."

"Rather than that?"

"I want to know what shops around here sell clothes that are easy to move around in."

## 6、服とスケベと黒髪の姫神（A面）

### 6、Clothes, a Lecher, and the Black-haired Goddess (A-side)

Conclusion.

Cheap clothes no longer exist.

"These black pants are 3,980 Karma, and with the rest of your purchase...comes to a total of 10,000 karma."

This is the cheapest casual clothing store in the Divine Domain. I don't even know the full value of karma yet.

At first I wanted to buy things like a black robe and other clothes fitting an Evil God, but things got out of hand. It would have been 98,000 Karma. Like I can afford that?!

I was reincarnated to this world with a loan, and had just 500,000 left over. I have the Karma, but if I lose my believers and squander all the karma I have left I'll become a ghost, so I don't want to waste it.

Also, the clerk is like a ghost already. This is probably how he earns Karma.

Speaking of which, I should have asked the lady at the public office how to collect Karma, but it's too late for regrets now.

For now to get my clothes tailored to my size, I go to the fitting room.

When I pulled back the curtain, I got a faceful of bare skin...

".....Ah, I'm so sorry."

Someone was already there.

You might call it paradise.

There was a gorgeous black haired woman shaking and trembling inside.

Her waist-length hair was as jet black as a crow. There was not one imperfection on her skin. She was slender, but curvy in all the right places. Her waistline in particular was incredibly pleasing.

But it was rude to stare, so I politely closed the curtain. It was a feast for the eyes.

Truly a glorious vision, however...



"Stop right there."

Those were the immediate words that came from the woman leaving the fitting room, and I promptly sat in the formal Japanese way, Seiza.

By the way, she was finely clad in a Hakama now.

The clerk and other customers sensed her hostility and watched from a distance.

Before I knew what was happening, I found a sharp object at my neck. There was an alluring Katana or sword-like piece on the end.

To further exacerbate the situation, it was the Sky Piercer.

It was the hard to use and beloved weapon of the greatest warrior of the Three Kingdoms, the almighty Lu Bu. It was hard to use, but from the bloodlust she was giving off, it obviously wasn't just for decoration.

So it's safe to say this woman knew exactly how to use the Sky Piercer. There would be no way to win against such a monstrous opponent.

"You, just who are you?"

The lovely lady even had a beautiful voice.

The dignified voice along with the piercing gaze made the room's temperature drop.

"Hirano Bonta. I'm a new God."

There was no other way to answer. In truth, I would have loved to drop a line like "When asking for someone's name, shouldn't you give yours first?" just like a protagonist would, but with the Sky Piercer at my throat that would have been way too risky.

"A new God are you? And yet I see you have quite a lot of Karma by comparison?"

"Eh, Karma? I only have around 400,000 left..."

"Not that. I'm talking about your "Role". Are you by chance an "Evil God"?"

"Yeah, just barely."

"A new Evil God. No wonder."

Role, that's a new word.

I want to ask her not to use words I'm not familiar with, but I don't want to add fuel to the fire.

"Well, it was probably an accident. As a fellow Evil God I'll ignore this incident today."

"Ah, thanks a lot."

"But there won't be a second time, you hear?"

"Yes.....of course."

I see. This beauty is an Evil God too. That explains her attitude.

We met under the worst circumstances.

But I'll still brag about this to Drake later.

"Oh right, what was your name?"

"Me? Oh, I guess I didn't give you my name yet."

The Hakama-clad Evil God halted her departure and turned around, and with a beautiful smile proclaimed,

"I am the Black Haired Princess, <Kurokamihome>. Upper Senior Fifth Ranked Evil God <Kurokamihome>. Patron deity of <The Northern Overlord>. Pleased to meet you, New God-san."

"The pleasure's all mine, <Kurokamihome>."

Her lingering scent is also sweet.

Somehow I became acquainted with a beauty while clothes shopping.

But, did she just say <The Northern Overlord>?

If I remember right, wasn't that the guy that beat Drake black and blue, that <Northern Overlord>?

If that's right, I'd better go tell Drake.



## 7、詐欺と呑み屋と豚飼いの神（A面）

### 7、Fraud, a Bar, and the God of Pig Farmers (A-side)

"Sir, you've been had."

Those benevolent words came from the so-called <Pig Farmer> God.

On my way back from the clothes shop, I got in line for some fried meat skewers (128 Karma) when a God had something to say to me. He resembled Cho Hakkai, the pig demon from the Journey to the West picture books.

Despite it still being daytime, he randomly invited me to enter a bar and have the two of us drink.

"So I've been had?"

"That's right. 'Even though you're an Evil God, you'll need this extra 500,000 Karma' is what they probably said."

"That's what the Old Lady in the Great Beyond told me...."

The <Pig Farmer> guy laughed like a brat. As I thought, he's like Cho Hakkai.

I don't care that much, but is it okay for a <Pig Farmer> God to eat a pork skewer?

"Now see here, Hirano Bonta-kun. That's just what they're required to say when someone becomes an Evil God. In truth, you don't really need that much Karma. A basic Evil God package, how do you say it, comes fully loaded with a bunch of powers you don't need, like bloatware. For instance, 'When I say something important, thunder will resound in the

heavens' kind of power costs 500,000 Karma to use, see?"

Whaaaat, I had no idea.

If I was alive I never would have made that mistake, but I had no idea someone would try to swindle me like that in the afterlife.

From what I heard in the Great Beyond, I had thought this world would be free of such nonsense.

"Roughly, it's like this. The credit union that loaned Hirano Bonta-kun the Karma and the person you spoke to are connected behind the scenes.

"That's some shady business."

"Yeah, greed is as greed does. Reincarnating as an Evil God...for a normal reincarnation you would only need about 100,000,000 Karma."

"100,000,000 that's...only a fifth?!"

That's horrible. Charging that horrendous amount, it's not bad luck, it's just terrible.

Too horrible for words.

"Don't sulk just yet. A debt of 500,000,000 isn't easy to pay back by yourself as an Evil God..."

"...Eh?"

"What, you didn't know? As an Evil God, the dogma you collect on isn't Good Deeds (Karma), you know?"

This is bad.

My retirement plan of a life of laziness and the World Domination plan with Drake...they've fallen apart almost immediately.

According to the <Pig Farmer> God, the dogma of an Evil God is gained through horrible acts, but you can't get any karma by doing that. It won't take away Karma at least. This sucks so bad.

Now I have no choice but to earn that precious Karma by myself through Good Deeds, and aim for a steady income somehow. For that steady income, it'll be a government stipend from the Divine Domain.

"As a new God, you're Lower Junior First Rank, right? Every month you'll receive 70,000 Karma after taxes. Saving up 500,000,000 is hard, right?"

"Hard or not...that'll take 7,143 months!"

TL Note: Almost 600 years...you got cheated so bad D8 - Taxes...wha-Frost

"And that's without food or drinks."

"FML."

He's right.

After coming into the bar I understood, the food here is delicious.

As an Evil God I won't die if I don't eat or drink, but I still wanna be able to eat food.

I want to buy clothes, and I hear you can even buy homes in the Celestial Realm. I gotta do something about this.

"Well, the best thing you can do right now is gather a bunch of believers and collect a bunch of offerings."

"What do I do after I collect them?"

"Of course, you should do like me, <Pig Farmer> -sama, and sell them all in the Celestial Realm. This shop here is mine after all."

"Eh?"

That's a surprise.

In fact, I didn't think he'd be such a big deal for a God and underestimated him.

But he has offerings.

If this <Pig Farmer> guy is right, he must know a way to rake in the Karma.

Having said that, with Drake only having 200 subordinates there's no way I can expect any considerable amount of offerings.

What can I do with so few?

"Honestly, I've got so much free time, giving advice to new Gods like yourself is just one way to pass it."

"Thank you so much."

In the end, my meal was on the house. Or rather, it was free because it was provided by the owner.

He told me if anything comes up to contact him, and gave me his contact information.

Still, what am I gonna do from here on out?

In any case, I just gotta make it work somehow with Drake. Thinking about it is an uphill battle.

## 8、伏兵(B面)

### 8、Ambush (B-side)

Drake had set up camp where the Demon Forest opened up to a hill. At the base of the hill was a flowing stream.

The location wasn't bad at all, and it was here that Drake awaited something.

"Aniue, is it not yet time?"

"I do not claim to understand Evil God-sama. He will eventually show himself before us. If we are in luck, it shall be soon."

The girl who addressed Drake as her Honored Brother 'Aniue', Eleena, apprehensively looked down from the hill.

She wasn't blood related to Drake; Their fathers were sworn brothers, so it was only natural that their children grew up together like siblings.

Unlike her beloved brother Drake who had black hair, Eleena's was a flaming red, and had been tied in a ponytail.

Contrary to the wild color of her hair, she herself was serious and demure.

In truth, when their exodus was over, she hoped to live a peaceful life together with her brother.

That same Eleena had something to tell the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake,

".....Is someone as inexperienced as I truly fit for this honor?"

"Come now, you are my sister Eleena, there is no reason you would be unfit to serve the Evil God as his Emissary."

The Evil God's Emissary.

It is the designation the Evil God uses for the person who acts as their prophet to the people.

They devote themselves entirely to the Evil God, and a virgin maiden is typically chosen for this role.

"I have only met him once, but Evil God-sama appears to be kind. Everything will go smoothly, Eleena."

"Yes."

"Now then, Eleena. Our conversation must end here. The long-awaited moment has arrived."



In the end, I somehow wasted a lot of time in the Celestial Realm, so I hurried to meet back up with Drake.

After all is said and done, there's still only 200 of them.

When I think about the stragglers of the defeated army coming to a new land, there's a chance they'll be pursued.

If I were commanding the enemy, I would make certain every last one of them was dead.

I had yet to fully grasp the kind of situation the Demon Lands were in, so I wonder just what exactly is going on. Is it like the early days of the Three Kingdoms, or Japan's Warring States era where several factions are

fighting for power? Or has the decisive battle already occurred?

It's possible that Drake's battle with <The Northern Overlord> was the final deciding battle.

If that's the case, turning it around will be exceedingly difficult.

I don't know how thorough <The Northern Overlord> is, but they were in danger of his forces coming to finish the job. They may already be near, so I must quickly inform Drake.

Also, Drake himself said he was a genius of tactics and strategy, so he may be able to come up with something. However, they must first check out their surroundings. If there's no truth in his self-proclaimed genius, I wonder if I can do anything with just 200 soldiers? It's hard to equate from a modern-day perspective.

I had only just been reincarnated and wasn't used to everything yet, but at least I could provide surveillance from the sky; I should at least be able to handle that much.

In the midst of thinking while flying, I saw Drake and his group crowded around a small hill.

This is bad.

They were packed pretty tight on top of the hill.

At most, they'd already been cornered on top of the hill; they could only defend themselves with 50 soldiers. If they try to escape, they'll probably be killed...

It could be that an enemy force 10 times greater than their own was near.

In any case, I gotta do something.

They were jammed together.

Drake had 50 people at hand chosen for this battle formation.

The enemy probably numbered 500. They didn't seem particularly skilled, but they made up for what they lacked with numbers. They had a group of 200 Kobolds and 300 Goblins and a seated commander watching the area, likely a brigade of hired mercenaries.

Their employer..... a group allied with <The Northern Overlord>, coming for the Demon Lord.

They would take Drake's head as an offering to <The Northern Overlord> to join his camp, they were beyond scumbags.

The crowded defense line took a step back.

They were completely daunted by the attacking army.

Drake dealt the first blow with magic, taking out the troublesome enemy Mage. The enemy had no choice now but to engage in melee combat against the defenders.

The skilled archers were firing haphazardly, no longer motivated by promise of payment.

The smell of blood was stimulating.

"Eleena, are the preparations finished?"

"Aniue, I'm ready anytime."

Giving the go-ahead, Drake nodded.

The incantation had to accumulate power, and once the Mana was shaped accordingly, it burst forth from Eleena's hands.



That was the signal for the counterattack.

“To battle!!”

Eleena released a beam of light from her hands, and unerringly aimed for the center of the approaching enemy line on the right, and decimated the area around the company leader. Convinced they had already won, they had no way of blocking the attack.

A second blow was delivered to the place where the commander was burnt to a crisp.

“Charge!!”

At the base of the mountain near the stream, the second group of 150 then ambushed the enemy company of 300 on the left.

Drake used his meager 200 soldiers and split them into even smaller groups, and prepared an ambush.

While climbing the hill to attack, the enemy company on the left had their feet swept out from under them, unable to change the direction of their attack in time. And most importantly,

“Follow me!!”

Descending to attack, the <Dethroned Crown Prince> led the troop of fifty. Their intensity was fierce.

They plowed through the bodies of goblins, and finally took the head of the enemy commander and raised it for all to see.

From there, it was a one-sided slaughter.

There was no longer any hope of resistance.

When the swords of the demons led by Drake glistened with blood, the enemy mercenaries were nothing more than soulless husks.

The screams of Goblins and Kobolds that tried to escape echoed throughout the forest.

"Did we win...?"

On top of the hill, Drake looked out over the field of slaughter alone.

200 stragglers vs 500 pursuers. Indeed, it was a very well-planned counteroffensive.

Deep in thought, one Demon Lord came to Drake's mind.

Venon the <Clairvoyant>.

Amongst all the other Demon Lords, he was a true strategist.

If Venon had been their opponent...

Suddenly, a battle cry erupted from the forest.

(...No, it couldn't be!)

There appeared Venon's trained soldiers in ambush.

There may have only been 300 of them, but they couldn't be compared to the small fry from before.

They began hunting down the last of Drake's soldiers.

(It's all over...)

Drake clenched his teeth.

He had only just sworn to take over the world with the Evil God.

He couldn't believe it would end in a place like this. Not against this cunning bastard.

(Aah, he wasn't supposed to be a God I relied on...)

Drake looked up to the sky and closed his eyes.

(I shall pray to the Evil God,)

"Here I pray, please save us!"

## 9、<片頬>のル・ガン(B面)

## 9、<Half Faced> Lu Gan (B-side)

Although they were suddenly ambushed, the <Dethroned Crown Prince>'s soldiers responded admirably.

They quickly ascended the hill, and assembled in a tight formation.

Indeed, as expected of the famed <Dethroned Crown Prince>'s forces. Just stragglers of the defeated army? They moved as if they were all elite forces.

But that was all.

The soldiers were still tired and wounded.

The commander of the 300-soldier ambush, the hobgoblin Lu Gan, smiled with just half his face. The left side did not move. Old scars were haphazardly stitched up across his face.

"They say 'The cornered lizard is the grandson of a dragon'...I can only hope it's true."

Lu Gan was personally given a secret mission by Venon the <Clairvoyant> to hunt down and kill the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake.

If he failed, there would be no place for him to return.

Venon was a worrier, he was afraid Drake would give them the slip, and assigned Lu Gan to attack him. After all, according to the plan, the stupid mercenary squad split away from them and got themselves annihilated, tiring their opponents in the process.

The enemy was commanded by a charismatic man.

What's more, the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake was the supreme commander of the anti-<Northern Overlord> Alliance.

Lu Gan himself previously fought under the command of Drake.

He was a bit meddlesome, but his plans were great. He never hesitated giving orders, and he was easy for subordinates to follow.

Getting to go head to head with Drake, Lu Gan was unexpectedly excited.

His opponent was a blood relative of the Great Demon Lord, an elite.

By comparison, Lu Gan was a Hobgoblin teased for being a 'mutt', and climbed the ranks through his own effort.

He was a genuine warrior, and managed a medium-sized unit; Lu Gan did not feel inferior to Drake in the slightest. He had trained his subordinates himself, and they were a force to be reckoned with. There's no way they would lose. With losing out of the picture, he was already prepared for lavish praises. He had rid himself of anything that could bring him down, and for the first time, a hard worker would have the right to challenge a genius.

His blood was boiling.

Now, it was time for battle. Lu Gan had his favorite battleaxe slung over his left shoulder, and took it with his right hand. He would swing this down in the haze of battle.

And at that moment, the sky suddenly became dark.

"Here I pray, please save us!"

After he said it, Drake mocked himself for it.

How stupid. Just what is an Evil God?

In this world, history was written by the Demons, not the Evil Gods. This was no longer the age of the Gods, so what could the Demons possibly expect?

Nine out of ten times, the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake would die here.

He was the <Dethroned Crown Prince>, who was blood related to the Great Demon Lord, and at one time commanded a great army numbering 190,000 soldiers.

The illustrious soldier living on with his force of 200 would be lost, never to rise again.

Frustrating.

The vexation was overwhelming.

But, there was not a single complaint or wail that escaped his lips.

"Here I pray, please save us!"

That was his prayer.

It was a sincere and simple prayer.

And then, it was answered from the heavens.

Behind a flash of lightning, I surveyed the two armies from on high.

The sky was darkened with thunderclouds, and a light rain began drizzling down.

"Cease and desist!"

My voice echoed over both armies.

They were all captivated with my colossal sound, if I do say so myself.

It would appear I used the basic Evil God skills, "Thunder in the Background" and "Amplifier".

I say it appears I did, since I have no idea how I actually activated them.

When I look down, I see Drake issuing orders like normal, and the <Dethroned Crown Prince>'s army all take to their knee and prostrate themselves.

Good good, as expected of my believer.

Compared to that, the enemy is clearly in a panic. But there are no deserters to be seen.

A brown colored goblinoid that looks like their leader headed my way, and said,

"I do not know which Evil God you are, but allow me to make a most humble request. First I shall compose myself. My name is Lu Gan, son of El Gen. I am called <Half Faced> Lu Gan."

He properly took to his knee and humbled himself before me. As I

thought, an Evil God's authority is indeed impressive.

I slowly descend to the goblinoid.

"O' Lu Gan, son of El Gen. I shall exceptionally allow you to raise your head."

"Yes."

Truly, I had no idea watching all those period dramas would come in handy in a place like this.

In reality, I was just ad-libbing with the period language as best as I could; the atmosphere was incredibly important for me to keep it up.

"I am the Patron Evil God of the <Dethroned Crown Prince>. For what reasons do you, Lu Gan, attack my devoted Drake for?"

"Yes, I must respectfully confess; it is my mission, more important than my life, to ambush and kill the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Lord Drake."

That's not good. It's just as I thought.

I don't know who he is, but do I tread carefully, or try to get him to switch sides?

Either way, it's gonna be a hard sell.

"Your mission, you say...what a waste."

"A waste, how do you mean?"

"Behold!"

With exaggerated gestures, I point to Lu Gan's subordinates.



They finally stopped their panic, and all mimicked Lu Gan, humbly taking to their knee.

"Those elite forces you lead, Lu Gan, for what reason must they participate in this dirty work?"

"That is..."

He's confused.

After all, it's not work anyone wants to do. Giving him a loaded question was surprisingly effective.

I often performed such negotiations in my previous life. This guy is overwhelmingly remarkable, I don't feel like he would lose in battle.

"<Half Faced> Lu Gan...nay Lu Gan, son of El Gen. You, why do you not proclaim your valour to the world? Sneaking and hiding in the shadows, tormenting the wounded, why do you do these things?"

The goblinoid lowered his head, sinking into silence.

Let's push him once more.

"Fight honestly and justly, cross your sword with Drake's, do this if you want to be remembered. Fulfilling your duty this way will be most rewarding. Do you want your achievements to be sullied, will you shame your name as the son of El Gen?"

"But I!"

"But you what?"

"But what shall I do? I have only myself. I've come this far all by myself. How can I live if I do not obey my lord's command?!"

What's this? This is a nice unexpected turn of events.

I had planned to request for him to retreat from here, however...

"O' Lu Gan. Have you not just answered your own question?"

"Have I done so?"

"Indeed. You said 'I've come this far all by myself'. You are the master of yourself, you alone, Lu Gan."

"Wha-"

"The soldiers you have trained agree. To them, you are their lord and master."

It's a bluff.

It's a total bluff, but surprisingly effective.

I then wink in Drake's direction. Now <Dethroned Crown Prince>, show me your true strength.

○

"Attention warriors!"

Drake stood and shouted while brandishing his sword.

"The Evil God has shown us the way. A second path to follow!"

Like that, he advanced slowly down to hill to appear before Lu Gan.

"The first, a path of battle. A path that would cross swords with the subordinate under Venon the <Clairvoyant>'s command. A worthless, dishonorable, and contemptible battle of the stories of old."

The rain intensified.

The intense rain tried to drown him out, but Drake raised his voice.

"The second path!"

Thunder.

Lightning flashed, illuminating everyone.

"A path to walk with me. A path where you could face forward instead of down. You will likely perish, but it is a path where you can die with pride."

Drake stood in front of Lu Gan.

The <Half Faced> Hobgoblin hung his head.

"Lu Gan, Son of El Gen, and your soldiers. Will you join me in conquering the world?"

Kneeling before Lu Gan, Drake kindly held out his hand.

The flesh on Lu Gan's raised shoulders, you could easily tell how hard the hobgoblin had trained.

"Lord Drake, no, My Lord Drake."

Lu Gan raised his head.

"I humbly accept your offer. Please allow me to be by your side as you realize your dream for the world."

## 10、雨とお供えと現状把握(A面)

### 10、Rain, Offerings, and Ascertaining the Situation (A-side)

The rain finally let up, but in its stead the fog rolled in.

The <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake gathered his soldiers and had them recuperate in an abandoned castle just off the main road.

Abandoned castle though it may be, it was not very large. With Lu Gan's 300 soldiers added in, there was not sufficient space for an army of 500. But even so, they slept in shifts to avoid the damp evening dew, though it was no small feat. A fire was also lit, as the previous lord of the castle didn't take any of the surplus firewood reserves with him.

"Evil God-sama, you have my most sincere gratitude for your help earlier."

Offerings of bread and wine were placed on a round shield serving as a tray.

The Evil God's Emissary Eleena had the job of serving him.

Lu Gan was also in a position to serve him, but for now stayed seated with his soldiers. It's very likely the soldiers were too in awe or afraid of the Evil God to look upon him directly.

"No, I am also thankful that Drake was able to cooperate so flawlessly."

The Evil God sipped on his warm wine while conversing, and seemed almost as if he were just another one of the Demons.

He had black hair and dark eyes, and his clothing appeared foreign, but

he did not have the intimidating aura you'd expect of an Evil God.

Even so, Drake came to believe in this Evil God, and working together with his Evil God the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake was saved. Such a kinship between Demon and Evil God was unheard of.

It was something of a give and take relationship with the Evil God. The Evil God and Drake acted like comrades in arms, working hand in hand, eating together, all without a need for words.

TL Note: Aw yeah son, let the bromance begin!! (°≡°) /drools - Solistia

"Now then, Eleena. I appreciate your explanation of current events, but I'd like to go over it one more time please."

"Of course, Evil God-sama."



I catalogue the information in my head that this girl, Eleena, told me. This Eleena person, with flaming red hair tied in a ponytail, is quite courteous. Throughout our earlier conversation, I was able to wrap my brain around everything pretty fast. All the things I understood and didn't understand she immediately caught on to, and explained all the important points detailed and efficiently.

I had a pretty good understanding, but my first priority now was to have someone explain the current situation we were in.

"Firstly, right now we're in an age of war."

Drake and Eleena nodded at the same time. Apparently they weren't real siblings, but their mannerisms were very similar.

Their parents were sworn brothers, and not only that, they were also

raised together.

"And thus, Drake was caught in the middle of that chaos. All because he's from the Great Demon King's bloodline."

"Yes. His Majesty, the previous Great Demon Lord, was my grandfather."

I was good up to this point, but after that it got a bit confusing.

"Right now there are 3 male heirs of the Great Demon Lord's family. The <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake, <Bishop> Rhorkain, and <Crown Prince> Lennith. And <The Northern Overlord> is backing Lennith."

Even saying it is complicated, but basically the problem lies between Drake and Lennith. Rhorkain, Drake's uncle, isn't very involved in the conflict.

"Lennith is of matrilineal lineage, and is the son of my Aunt. His father is also a descendant from the Great Demon King's bloodline, but far removed."

"So that means Drake's claim to the throne is more legitimate?"

"Yes."

The sovereign Great Demon Lord died without naming a successor.

Under normal circumstances, his direct descendant Drake would become the successor, but <The Northern Overlord> Xirdish interfered. According to him, Lennith should succeed the throne, not Drake. This Xirdish guy is a devious bastard.

In reality, he was quite elderly.

His desire for revolution had no room for Drake, so he took the previous Great Demon Lord's advisor as his pawn, and "found" His Majesty's last will and testament. It's a common tactic used throughout history.

"And then the battle to divide the country into two....didn't happen."

"Eh, is that so?"

"That irritating Demon Lord..."

In the Demon Lands, there were 108 Demon Lords. At least there were supposed to be.

When I asked Eleena about it, the number varied by generation. Right now there are 100, a little below the standard. All those Demon Lords were each independent entities.

"Originally, His Majesty the Great Demon Lord held absolute power, and there were many Demon Lords discontent with that."

"Those named 'Demon Lord' are usually chosen as representatives of clans and tribes. They are Demons who are masters of words, but can also read between the lines and recall ancestral information about their enemies."

Sounds like they're even more culturally diverse than America.

Thinking back to the battle earlier, there was a mix of Demons, Goblins, Kobolds, and Hobgoblins. Just from that I have a pretty good understanding of how many different kinds there are. I can guesstimate that the modern-day Japan I was raised in wouldn't be able to share with all of them. It would soon spark unrest like a playground turf war with teachers asking everyone to play nice and get along.



"So basically, in order for Drake to achieve world domination, he would have to beat every single Demon Lord into submission, or something like that?"

"A very simplified explanation, yes. They can also place themselves under another Demon Lord, which is an easier way to overcome all 100."

I went so far as to gamble on that kind of path with Lu Gan, but not everything will be that easy.

For instance, the Great Demon Lord's capital. It's an important location you must seize. The <Crown Prince> must also be taken.

But our army had only increased to 500.

"500 against 240,000..."

"Forgive my impudence Evil God-sama, but we have actually increased to 550."

The one who answered my muttered musings was Lu Gan.

His hair was wet from the mist, and he dried it with a rag.

"The mercenaries His Lordship Drake's army defeated decided to join with us. It's just a mix of Goblins and Kobolds, but at present they number 50. There are some that are injured, but they should be useful as porters."

I didn't quite understand what he meant by porters, so I inquired with Eleena.

Apparently, they are transport units that carry food and water.

"I see. I may be an Evil God, but I believe this to be a good omen, Lu Gan."

"It is all thanks to Evil God-sama."

The half-faced hobgoblin gave a hearty laugh.

Looking at him like this, he's surprisingly charming.

TL Note: Is our Evil God getting himself a BL harem?! ....do I like Hobgoblin x Evil God BL?...why yes, I think I do >:3 -Solistia

"Oh, come to think of it..."

I almost forgot something important.

I turn around to face Drake, and give him a summarized explanation of what I learned in the Celestial Realm.

"<The Northern Overlord>'s patron deity?"

"That's right. An Evil God with long black hair..."

After saying that, Drake leaned in closer.

"That person, was she wearing foreign clothes, and carrying a pole-arm weapon she's proficient with?"

"Yeah, Hakama and the Sky Piercer. Although I don't think you have those things in this world."

Drake took a deep breath, then exhaled.

I wonder if he's trying to calm himself.

"Evil God-sama, I had once told you that I had never seen an Evil God before, right?"

"Ah, I do remember you saying that."

"That was a slight misconception, I apologize. The one you call <Kurokamihome>, I have seen her on the battlefield."

"Okay."

While I made agreeable sounds, I could feel an unpleasant sweat start to trickle down my back.

I had thought reincarnating like this might have been a bad sign, but perhaps there were other Evil Gods that had been in my same position?

But I only knew of one Evil God.

If she appeared on the battlefield, who knows what she might be capable of.

I couldn't do anything. At best, I could make it thunder and use persuasion.

"<Kurokamihome> is a monster. A truly mighty warrior. I can sincerely say that because of just that one woman, my army was obliterated."

## 11、パンと雷雲と赤い馬（A面）

### 11、Bread, Thunder Clouds, and a Red Horse (A-side)

Not enough.

How strange, it wasn't nearly enough.

I panic and start patting down my clothes and feeling around for something, while Eleena gives me a strange look.

She holds a slender finger up to her lips and adorably tilts her head. It was an adorable gesture, but I have no time for that right now.

"Please pardon me for asking, but what are you searching for, Evil God-sama?"

"Ooh, Eleena. Actually, my Karma seems to have diminished from what I last remember."

"I see...Karma, is it?"

After I bought clothes in the Celestial Realm I still had about 400,000 leftover, but now it's only about 350,000.

Also, the Karma is kept on something akin to paper money making it extremely convenient. They even have coins of it. I had always lived a modest life, so I knew the value of saving but...

"Ahh."

It was then that I realized something horrible.

Could it be...



Up until that point the sky had been clear, but then it suddenly became overcast and thundering.

Large raindrops began to pelt the earth, and it instantly became a dank downpour.

The slanted rain mercilessly bombarded the mossy walls of the abandoned castle.

"What the hell is going on?!"

Drake ran in a panic, having seen an Evil God in the sky outside the castle.

He ran like some idiot had taken off with his wife.

"E-Evil God-sama?"

"Ah, it's you Drake."

Dispirited, his shoulders dropped, and entered the abandoned castle as the Evil God waved to him.

Drake didn't have any rebuke to tell the careless God.



I found the cause.

Before I experimented, I had 354,317 Karma in my wallet.

The experiment was having thunder in the background when I "say

something important", and the instant I used it I could see the Karma disappearing before my eyes. Now there was only about 300,000 left. In conclusion, if I call down thunder once, I can kiss 50,000 Karma goodbye.

All the more reason to save. I've got to save, however...

"Evil God-sama, we present to you our offering."

"Oh, yeah."

This is also a problem. Not only the expenditures, but also the revenue.

I take the bread Eleena holds out for me. I take it, but it also remained just like that on top of the tray.

Receiving the offerings was more like receiving the "Essence" of the offerings. The way Eleena explained it, the things in this world and my world are overlapped, so what I take is my side of it. That's deep.

So, what I'm eating is my side of the bread. The leftover material substance of it...what happens to it?

".....Evil God-sama, this...it's most disgusting."

Eleena knitted her brows together and stuck out her tongue.

But, she quickly remembered she was in my presence, and reverted her face back to normal.

Damn, that's adorable.

And so, the "Essence" of the bread given as an offering is its deliciousness, or something like that.

Eleena ate the physical bread on the material plane, but you can see the results of that.

It may even have sapped the nutrients out of it.

And thus, my first great master plan fell apart.

The plan went thusly:

Drake would first offer all his army provisions to me.

I would then sell all that "Essence" in the Celestial Realm, while the provisions themselves would be used as normal. If we use this method, there'd be no problem. Drake would increase his forces, which in turn would increase the provisions I receive, and then I would sell it all off and get a bunch of Karma. It was a great plan.

And now it had completely fallen apart.

They couldn't possibly go to war if the bread had no taste. I wasn't that much of a diabolical Evil God.

In the first place they couldn't win a battle like that. Morale would plummet.

From what I could see, the morale for Drake and Lu Gan's troops was quite high. More than that, they couldn't afford not to rely on morale.

This era had nothing like a modern-day training manual for military drills, which was unfortunate.

Even more than that, there were no weapons like guns that could "easily kill people", so a General's own valour and charisma kept troops in line, morale was that important.

The things most important to raise morale are: charisma, order, and delicious food.

Good food, a warm place to sleep. Without those things the soldiers can't fight.

If you take away those things, your defeat is imminent. Even if you won

once, you wouldn't be able to keep it up for long.

If only I at least had valour of my own.

.....Yes, like <Kurokamihome>.



"<Kurokamihome> is a monster. A truly mighty warrior. I can sincerely say that because of just that one woman, my army was obliterated."

Drake had a distant look in his eyes.

A vivid memory surfaced of a dusty battlefield.

The woman rode a red horse.

No, there was no such red horse in the Demon Lands. Was it a divine steed, or some kind of rare magical beast?

"That woman appeared in the middle of the battle. I was commanding the Coalition Army into a pincer attack on the enemy with the Dragon Wing Squad, while the Dragon Scale Squad kept a defensive formation."

The Dragon Wing Squad had a great number of soldiers that hit the small-numbered enemy from both sides with their pincer formation, and because the Dragon Scale Squad was smaller they were tasked with blocking the enemy in from the front.

Battles between large armies often stick to the basics of combat like that.

"The Coalition Army was a collection of brave souls who continued to route the enemy. As the enemy held back the Dragon Wings, we saw a



chance to strike at the heart of their forces. It was then that she appeared."

Drake's voice was filled with scorn.

Their opponents were still only Demons, so even if they lacked power they could still somehow come out on top, but it was a different story if the enemy was an Evil God.

"Riding atop a red horse, she spurred her steed into a gallop and made a rush on the vanguard, completely trampling them."

".....The red horse was capable of something like that?"

The Evil God mumbled something to himself. Drake wondered if it was something only Evil Gods would understand.

"With the vanguard destroyed, our army was at last obliterated."

The enemy numbered 50,000 more than the allied army.

And what's more, not all of them were loyal to Drake. The brave soldiers of the Dragon Scale Squad were the ones that saved the stragglers' lives, but now Drake could only rely on the soldiers that were left.

"Now, however..."

Their Evil God, their last ray of hope, could only groan.

And it's no wonder. The opponent was the Evil God <Kurokamihome>, and they had no idea the extent of her power. Whereas this Evil God had only just become an Evil God.

The heavy atmosphere was overpowering.

But the one who broke the silence was, surprisingly, Lu Gan.

"I understand from the story of the black-haired female warrior now that she's quite something. But what of it? It's not like we'll battle her today or tomorrow. For now, let's just think about the next few days."

That's right.

In the first place, could Drake build up an army big enough to even think about whether he could win or lose against <Kurokamihome>?

So first, a plan.

"Regarding that matter, I have an idea."

## 12、略奪(B面)

### 12、Pillaging (B-side)

"Pillaging?"

"Yes, Between the villages in the forest and Alnach, for the last couple days."

".....That's strange."

Venon the <Clairvoyant> felt a twinge of uneasiness.

He was in his estate in the center of his castle town of Alnach over which he presided.

Originally, it was a stone building of simple make with few possessions way out in the Outlands, but Venon's hobby was to slowly decorate it over time.

The area surrounding the castle town was in <The Red Forest of Jonan> in the Outlands, and very obviously so. In times of old it was known as a remarkable barbarian principality.

That said, the public order in the area wasn't bad at all. Any small time criminals that appeared were soon crushed.

"Oh, I see. That reminds me..."

Thinking that far, Venon suddenly figured out the cause.

Lu Gan.

The hobgoblin commander <Half-Faced> Lu Gan, who alone was dispatched to carry out a secret mission.

Up until now the 300 elite soldiers Lu Gan commanded had trained by hunting down criminals.

Without the criminal hunting leader Lu Gan, while it wasn't open season for criminals, it wasn't strange that the ones that had been lurking in the shadows were now resuming their 'business'.

"Nevertheless, that worthless Lu Gan...did he fail?"

It had already been 10 days since Lu Gan was sent out with his 300 soldiers and 500 hired mercenaries.

That he had not been informed of Lu Gan' success likely meant that...

"To be defeated by a mere 200 wounded soldiers. I guess a 'mutt' will always be a 'mutt'."

Venon was a Goblin Shaman Demon Lord.

From the wise Goblin Venon's point of view, Lu Gan was just another Hobgoblin.

Even though Lu Gan was the one that always quashed the troublesome problems.

"Trouble was just waiting for him to be gone, how annoying..."

However.

Could it be that the pillaging is being done by the <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake whom he tried to kill?

It was laughable to think of, but not impossible. After all, it was that <Dethroned Crown Prince> Drake. He couldn't recall Drake participating

in any reckless battles, and he had rallied 190,000 soldiers against <The Northern Overlord>. Moreover, the battle was even in terms of skill until halfway through, and he had mostly other Demon Lords and excellent soldiers at his disposal.

That being the case, the <Dethroned Crown prince> could very well be hiding the remnants of his army near Alnach, and storing stolen provisions.

"It's not impossible. Rather, the chance is high."

Even having said that, Venon had nothing to fear.

Alnach had 700 soldiers in reserve, and another 1,000 he could call on at any time. Normally with Lu Gan's troop of 300, the total would have been 2,000 soldiers, but they were no longer applicable.

1,700 versus 200.

There was no way he could lose. Plus, Venon could fight from inside the walls of Alnach.

Venon the <Clairvoyant> was positive that even if the enemy surrounded the castle town, with Alnach being the strongest fortress in the Outlands, they could repel even five times that number of opponents.

And there was the fact that no matter how much of a 'mutt' that Hobgoblin was, there was no way the 200 didn't suffer any losses.

100, maybe 50 left.

Even with a clever scheme, it would be difficult to compensate for the weakened army, if Drake is even lying in wait.

"Send out the punitive team. Crush the criminals. I will never allow pillaging. And I will never allow them to touch the tax money."

Venon gave the orders to his subordinates.

He wasn't just a Demon Lord for show, but his subordinates weren't trained to obey any order without question. In that way, it was convenient that Lu Gan would ignore some commands in order to take the most appropriate action. Of course, it also angered Venon something fierce.

For instance, the reserves.

Venon always kept at least 500 reserve soldiers on hand.

Presently he had mobilized 1,000 troops for the battle with <The Northern Overlord>, but that was an exception.

The 500 reserve soldiers worked in shifts, and they recruited young men from the surrounding villages to serve the military.

They would serve every quarter year. Thus, there were 2,000 subject to military service at any one time.

But, the point is the villages are in a bad way now, and the criminals continue to commit crimes.

Venon was sure it was perpetuated by the same person, but Lu Gan would probably have disagreed. The one Venon thought of as a 'mutt' would always object, and when things got bad would just take off as he pleased to deal with it.

Venon couldn't say which was right.

He hated that the villages in his territory governed themselves, they held their own jurisdiction and authority. They held it, but if they broke the law and tried to conscript people into service themselves, that would be illegal.

That's why, the Demon Lord Venon didn't have time to deal with such trifling matters as this.

So as these matters kept increasing, Venon got tired of Lu Gan, and kept him away.

"Just what is this. I thought I would feel better once he was gone, but..."

If they found his corpse, he felt it wouldn't be a bad idea to erect a gravestone in his honor.

By now such thoughts were unavoidable.

However, at this time, Venon had not yet realized that the foundations of a secret plan had already been laid.